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Forestalling the Armament Race

THAT THE United States should be taking the lead in pushing toward effective international control of atomic energy is only in the due nature of things. This nation has the A-bombs and the facilities for continuing their manufacture; and it bears the onus of having introduced this all-obliterating weapon into actual warfare. American responsibility in the matter is paramount.

That the USSR should provide the only opposition to effective international control is less easily understandable. That attitude must arise rather more from the Soviets' patent unwillingness to trust anything over which they do not have the guiding hand than to any patriotic illusion that they will be able to outstrip America and other nations in an atomic arms race. Certainly the present situation is not to their advantage. The first Russian gesture in a cooperative direction has at last been made—limited and hedged about with reservations as it is.

For in joining with the other eleven members of the scientific and technical subcommittee of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission in approving their report of the technical aspects of the problem of atomic weapon control, Professor S. P. Alexandrov expressed his reservations concerning the knowledge available to the subcommittee in such a way as to create the impression that they were not insuperable. So that in effect the Russians have given some sort of a nod of the head to the subcommittee's findings that from a scientific and technical angle, at least, international control of atomic bombs is possible and practicable. That the nations should agree on this level is a real first step. Whether it actually leads anywhere hangs on the sessions of the subcommittee on controls beginning October 2 at Lake Success.

Whether we consult the scientists of various United Nations or the Americans responsible for the Lilienthal report, there seems to be general agreement that the key to control of atomic energy lies in the control of the mineral sources of uranium and thorium. Once the extractive process is under way, even if directed to the production of atomic energy for industrial purposes, it is—for certain technical reasons—too difficult to detect the diversion of materials which might be used for A-bombs. The quantities of the ore required are on the other hand so vast, and the likelihood of producing chain reactions from other elements at the moment so unlikely, according to the scientists, that everything points to the strategic importance of controlling the uranium and thorium mines themselves.

The complexities of the political aspects of setting up even such controls can be gathered from the geographical situation of the mines in question. The principal sources of uranium ore are located in Canada, Belgian Congo, Czechoslovakia and the western United States; thorium ores are produced chiefly in Brazil, India and the Dutch East Indies.

Certain hopes had been expressed that by means of "denaturing" these fissionable materials an effective degree of control might be reached. But scientists now agree that at best this would do no more than hold back a potential aggressor for one year—and not even that if said nation had plants of the Oakridge, Tenn., type in which to rid these denatured materials of the isotopes which had been added to make them useless for atom bombs.

Everything considered, the all-out internationalization envisaged in the Lilienthal report provides the only system of safeguards likely to work. All mineral sources and processing plants would be turned over to a genuine international authority. Controlling fissionable materials at their source (and the plants where they are processed) and staffed by adequate groups of competent inspectors, this authority would *per se* block any atomic armament race and make reasonably certain that atomic energy could be released for peaceful, productive human pursuits.

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With the results of Hiroshima, Nagasaki and Bikini before us, together with the huge American atomic weapon stockpile and producing plant, and the scientific possibility that a hostile Russia will be able to produce atom bombs of her own within three years, the urgency of setting up effective atomic weapon controls is now the most pressing. Likewise it weighs most heavily upon the United States, which naturally will continue to insist on a step-by-step relinquishment of the atomic bomb predominance it has attained.

If this can be done the precedent will have been set. Then the nations can turn to other fearsome weapons such as bacteriological mists and gases and food poisons, which have not as yet been used in actual warfare. And to the rockets and saturation bombing to which the military of the nations have already had recourse. Then perhaps to the task of general disarmament itself.

Meat

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S meat interview was an unusually firm and sure thing to happen in the White House, and because it was so definite and because it was the reasonable statement of a reasonable position, the country will surely benefit. Plans can be laid on the assurance that there will not be an abandonment of price controls or an increase of prices on meat through this year. The President's decisiveness overcame the general atmosphere of muddle and mixed policy represented in this instance by House Democratic Leader McCormack's advocacy of a sixty-day "moratorium" in meat price control.

Secretary Anderson certainly did not surprise the public when, at his end-of-September accounting, he held that meat is still in "short supply." That term does not mean very much, and it has only a one-way connection with "price control." Things in short supply do not necessarily have their prices controlled, but farm commodities *not* on the short supply list are automatically decontrolled. Meanwhile, Chairman R. L. Thompson of the Price Decontrol Board says that only 60 percent of our privately produced output is under price control now, against 80 percent a year ago. He expects price control largely to disappear during the next six months.

A third related term in the news again is "priority." After receding for a long time, priorities take a step back into the picture with the announcement by the Civilian Production Administration that the government will redevelop the priority system, abandoned in February, to get steel to the neediest and worthiest consumers. Re-rationing, however, is not spoken of in the news. It is an incidentally interesting thing that observers apparently agree that rationing is tightest in the two countries, England and Switzerland.

The use of the term, "meat famine" and various other "famines" is more than slightly nauseating. If housewives are as enraged as editorials say they are about the tightness in red meats, they ought to be ashamed of themselves and ought to keep themselves hidden in the kitchen. The so-called problem of scarcity of meat, and other things, in America, is not an absolute problem of a magnitude worth one tear. Relatively—compared with the rest of the world now over many years—our meat "scarcity" is inconceivable abundance. There may be a relative problem of minor interest in the difference between the amount of meat distributed to consumers of the country, and the amount which could be distributed under the best operating systems, but this little problem surely ought not cause splintering of national parties and partisan strife among the citizenry. Partisans seeking power who try to influence the public by using the famine cry, and members of the public who grow angry and self-sympathetic about our famine, are exhibiting an unbelievable callousness about the eating standards of the vast majority of the people of the whole world.

The problem which is more legitimately involved in meat is the great one of government control. That is a complicated problem and one which can be better met with cool minds than with emotions heated up by propaganda slogans. We understand that meat is going to be a big thing in the November elections. We hope that the candidates who make grossest appeal to the poor meat starved American stomach will be choked by the red herring they have drawn.

Small Parties and the Ballot

IT MAY seem something of a local New York issue, yet the current attempt to exclude from the New York State ballot all candidates for office nominated by the smaller parties is the sort of thing which has, in the past, cropped up in other parts of the country and may very well similarly crop up elsewhere in the future. It is the kind of political maneuver which must always be censured by any person jealous of freedom in American political life.

The various states of the union have differing procedures to insure that all candidates appearing on election ballots represent something beside themselves; such machinery is essential in order to prevent the ballot being burdened with crackpot and lunatic-fringe nominations. But in many states the requirements are so stringent that it is almost impossible for any but the regular parties to offer their candidates to the voters. New York State is one of the more liberal in its election law, yet even here there are grave possibilities of abuse. The law requires that for nom-

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ination to State office 12,000 signatures be secured on nomination petitions, of which 50 each, as a minimum, must come from each of the State's various countries. It is general practice to submit considerably more than the minimum number of names so as to allow for the inevitable disqualification of some signatures on technical grounds. But for such minority groups as the Socialists, the Communists, the Socialist Workers Party or the Industrial Government Party, to secure the necessary 50 signatures from all the upstate counties is a considerable task, and frequently no great margin above the minimum 50 in some counties can be obtained.

This year the election is expected to be close in New York State and the 100,000 or so votes which would probably be cast for these four minority parties might mean the difference between Democratic victory or defeat. Hence the Democrats decided to go on a fishing expedition upstate, thus perhaps succeeding in eliminating all the minority candidates. The trick consists of interrogating the persons whose signatures appear on petitions and persuading them in one way or another to say either that they never signed the petition or that they signed it without knowing what they were doing. If it can be established in court that there are enough such signatures in any county to bring down the total to less than 50, then the candidates of that party could, by court order, be stricken from the State ballot.

What is particularly distasteful about this procedure this year is that the Communists nominated only two persons for office not likewise nominated by the Democrats—the major nominations for governor and senator being the same for both parties. Hence if the two Communist candidates are disqualified, the CP does not stand to lose anything politically. But if the candidates of the other three minority parties are eliminated, the voters of New York will be confronted with no opportunity whatever—except the write-in—to vote for any but old-line and machine candidates.

A Gesture for the Record

AMERICANS generally are aware of the treatment accorded citizens of Japanese ancestry on our West Coast. They are less conversant with the fact that in some of our cities, prompted perhaps by a sense of shame, citizens saw to it that Japanese Americans received decent and friendly treatment. This seems to have been in the case in Minnesota, where some hundreds of young Nisei soldiers were sent to school at Fort Snelling, later being transferred to Monterey, California. When they read in the press that Minnesota was suffering from serious epidemic of infantile paralysis, they set to work and collected a fund amounting to $1,236.05, which they sent to Governor Thye. Their gift was accompanied by letters from their commanding officer and from Pvt. Edwin M. Nakasone, representing the Nisei. A portion of his letter deserves to be quoted—for the record. "It was with a deep sense of sympathy that we learned of Minnesota's recent poliomyelitis epidemic. We felt doubly concerned because it was only a few months ago that we were stationed in your very hospitable state. Many of us made warm, lasting friendships with the understanding people of Minnesota, especially in the Twin Cities area. None of us, who had the good fortune of being stationed in Minnesota, can ever forget the kindness, friendship and the helping hand accorded the Nisei."

The Photographs and the People

IN NEW ENGLAND long ago you would take a ride and the point of driving a car those days was to see how neatly you could shift on a hill, and you would watch for the holes in the road and hold the car to the turns when the surface was loose; so that it did not matter very much when you lost your way but sooner or later you would have to ask, and it was always the same thing. There would be a man standing on the lonely road with the sun going down over the New Hampshire hills, and you would ask him the road to Dublin, the high road the low road, or the road to Keene, and he would stand there with his lips hanging loose round his slobbering mouth which could not say the word Keene, the word Dublin, and when you looked at his eyes they were as if they had stared long into the sun.

It is only after you have lived quite a while that you feel that the village idiot is no alien. As long as you are asking someone else how to get somewhere, or what makes what move, you feel very intelligent, but when you have lived quite a while you start asking yourself all the questions that matter and then you stand there speechless, with the governments governing, the scientists making the bombs, speechless, with nothing to say in answer to any of the questions, with the papers telling you what Tito said yesterday, what Stalin said yesterday, what the judges in Nuremberg decided yesterday, with your mouth open and no sounds coming out of it that you would want to listen to, and your eyes staring but not seeing anything that stands still and is clear.

Except that which is in the past, that which was seen clearly in the past and is remembered: the house in Paris or anywhere, the fields in France or anywhere, the autumn mists rising

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from the fields (or whatever it was you hoped for then, or anyone else hoped for, then). If what you remember from the past has anything to do with the houses and the fields, or the people who lived in the houses and worked in the fields, then it does not matter if the houses are crumbled, the fields deserted and the people dead; it does not matter if you have to think of everything as belonging to the past, because if you have seen anything once it will be there always, even if you think of it in the past, and even after you are dead.

On the top floor of the house in Paris an old man clothed in black let the ashes from his cigarette fall on his waistcoat and, when you knocked and came in once in a while to see if he were still alive, he would talk to you of Jaurès and say that it was the end of everything the day they killed him. In the fields, in the mist, at Ferney, the rich people from Geneva came out to canter their horses in the autumn; they passed the house; they drew in their horses when they came to the uneven road which entered the woods. On the stairs of the house in Paris you would meet the young medical student and the girl coming home in the evening to cook dinner. After dinner they cleared the table; they put the oil lamp in the center of the table; they sat with the light coming down on the books from the wrong direction while he studied his text books and she read. When the night came in Ferney, the farmer carried his lantern into the barn to look at the cows.

It does not matter what the first war or the second war did to these people (or to the cows). It does not matter if you sit staring at them in the past—at them, or at any other people anywhere who were unhappy, or in love or at work, in the days before the two wars. Because if you knew them before 1914 it is only that you were in love, or unhappy or working, before 1914, and it does not matter what any number of wars have done to you, or to them, since now they are replaced (you are replaced) by other people who believe that everything is lost, by other people riding horses, or studying medicine, or by another farmer going in to see if the cows are all right before he goes to bed after the long day. The mists rise at the change of seasons over the fields in all the countries, and the snow will come, except in the deserts where there are no fields, except in the countries where there is no winter. It is always the same and the question is always the same.

The question to which there is no answer is how to relate the lives of these people to those organizations called governments by which they are protected, represented and recurrently destroyed. The question is to decide which are real, the governments or the people; which images are real.

There is no question as to which images endure. The image of Hitler is faded already while all over the world there are, tangibly, visibly, the living images in the likeness of God which are all the people of China, all the other peoples whose countries we have found it necessary to name, if only in order to know where we are going when we travel. And these photographs now in the newspapers, how long will they be in the files before they fade? Mr. Molotov goes up the stairway to the Paris Conference in the Luxembourg Palace; Mr. Molotov comes down the stairway between rows of Republican Guards at attention with their shining helmets and the horsehair hanging down behind. Mr. Byrnes stands on the steps of a railway carriage and smiles at two German officials "for the first time since 1939." Mr. Truman, Mr. Stalin, Mr. Bevin smile and the Nuremberg judges do not smile. In a short time the faces of these men will be like the face of Mussolini, the face of the Kaiser, the face of Landru the murderer, the face of Jack the Ripper, the face of Attila, of Genghis Khan—while, fresh, visible, loved, will be the face, at this moment now, and a thousand years from now, of the young girl coming back from work in the office, climbing the stairs out of the subway, not looking at the newsstand because she knows that the young man she loves is waiting for her there and she wants him to see her first and to take her arm so that she can be surprised and happy that he is there to meet her.

No one asks the girl from the office to write the diplomatic notes to Stalin, and no one takes into account all the lovers who would like to be meeting quietly after work hours in Trieste. There are these people in the photographs who meet day after day and week after week in Paris, and who will meet year after year at Lake Success (whoever thought that one up) at the United Nations, after having met year after year at the League of Nations. Their plans, the old ones and the new ones, subject to amendment (because you cannot talk about a plan without talking about an amendment) are as good plans as the governments have been able to find.

There are all these people all over the world who are not photographed. They die because they die, or they die because they are starved or bombed; they only get into the photographs of the *National Geographic* and that does not put them on equality with the statesmen, the government men, even if the photographs are in color. These people never have a plan of any kind for peace or for war.

So that when you look at them, it will be only because you have seen them in the past and they are all that life has ever meant to you; someone else will look at them later; someone will always be there to look at them; they will always be there to be looked at. Perhaps that is all that will ever happen to them—after each war and before the next.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Christian Democracy in Spain

An advocate of a Christian Social Party expresses his fears and defines the problem

WHEN, last February, Manuel Gimenez Fernandez addressed the historic letter which follows to Professor Joaquin Ruiz Jimenez Cortes of the University of Madrid, he seemed to be undertaking two things: (1) to explain why he could no longer collaborate with Professor Joaquin Ruiz in forming "a Christian Democratic Party," because whatever the Professor's good faith in the matter, his political approach simply was not democratic; (2) to outline the character of a feasible democratic system for present-day Spain. And pervading all the comment of Gimenez Fernandez is his fear of the success of those who are now seeking by every means to make the Church in Spain a tool of the Franco régime, to identify the two, and in fact to make certain that ultimately the two will go down together in irreparable ruin.

An indication of the way the wind is blowing is provided by the supposed 19th international meeting of the Catholic students organization, Pax Romana, *which took place this past summer principally in Salamanca and El Escorial and also traveled to Toledo and other Spanish cities. It is important to note that the presiding officer of these sessions was none other than Professor Joaquin Ruiz of the University of Madrid. It is also significant that the Abbé Grémaud, Secretary-General of the organization, refused to attend the sessions and that his personal representative, M. Ducret, when he saw how they were going, quit the sessions at Salamanca and returned to Fribourg without so much as taking leave.*

Not only did the Franco government, which had appropriated large sums to defray the expenses related to the meetings, do everything possible to propagandize the delegates and to utilize the occasion as a means of winning greater prestige for itself in the eyes of the Spanish people. But some months previously one Sanchez Bella had been dispatched to South America to round up large delegations of nationalist youth groups from Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, etc., etc., to attend the congress. The Pax Romana *organization refused to recognize these guests of Bella's as delegates, but in the controlled Spanish press and over the radio they were welcomed as* Pax Romana *people and as representatives of Catholic Action even though a number of them were not even practicing Catholics. Their Falangist-type speeches misled the Spanish people. Men like Gimenez Fernandez are sorely troubled by the fact that there has been no official word from the Church in Spain contradicting this and other Falangist propaganda.*

Finally, there is a UP dispatch from Madrid, dated September 21. It is to the effect that the Spanish Cabinet, meeting under the presidency of General Franco, has appointed Professor Joaquin Ruiz Jimenez Cortes to be director of the Institute of Hispanic Affairs (successor to the Hispanidad Council which was so badly discredited in its propaganda in Latin America during the war that it had to reappear under this new name.)

THE EDITORS.

Sr. Don Joaquin Ruiz Jimenez Cortes
Professor at the University
Madrid

My dear friend and colleague:

Inasmuch as your appointment to the University of Madrid makes difficult the continuation of our talks about your proposal to form a Christian Democratic party which with other parties would prepare an evolution from the present political régime, and inasmuch as I do not wish my initial refusal to form such a party to be interpreted as a desertion on my part from an ideological faith or my silence in the future as an approval even on principle of such a purpose, I think it not amiss to set down here my detailed opinion on the whole matter.

There should not be any doubt by now that the enormous and bloody failure of the totalitarian one-party system in the whole world (with the exception of Russia for the time being) makes it that much more urgent for all Spaniards to start thinking in terms of a return to a régime based on a plurality of political parties which will be moreover real social institutions composed of groups of sincere men with similar political beliefs who hope to improve the laws and customs by honest and pacific means, through the juridical apparatus of the State and with tolerance for all.

But a political party is made up of an ideal or program, a following and an organization. Nothing would be more contrary to its very nature than attempts by members of the Government to create such an ideal or program falsifying the ideal, faking the following and using the organi-

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zation for the exclusive benefit of those who, though fervent totalitarians and partisans of a political dogmatism with no room for any other party, do not even have the courage to stand up before the world in their true colors. That is why I believe that any attempt to create these pseudo-parties with the encouragement and control of a totalitarian government which at the same time persecutes violently every spontaneous movement of public opinion and any dissenting ideology, is condemned beforehand to failure; a failure which may turn out to be extremely bloody when we consider that, in the eyes of the people, anyone belonging to these spurious parties would simply be condoning and profiting by a hated system fated to disappear.

If we apply these general considerations to the possibility of counterfeiting a Christian-Democratic party, using it as a new mask for a dictatorial régime, there is no doubt that the political doctrines and program strongly fixed in history by that glorious tradition which began with the Center Party in Germany and continued with the Popular Party in Italy, the Social-Christian in Belgium and the M.R.P. in the France of our day, are incompatible with our favoring all those political groups which, conceived in tyranny, are now frantically trying to rid themselves of their totalitarian labels, fallen in such disrepute with the failure of their foreign models.

The Christian concept of liberty is not compatible with the suppression of free speech, an enslaved press, censored books, the proscription of free association or the savage persecution of all dissenting opinion. The Christian concept of order could not tolerate people dying of hunger, as happened in Warsaw, their cries unheard and unanswered by their complacent leaders. Christian Justice does *not* permit commutative justice to be trampled on by a State which grabs the lion's share in every economic activity, or distributive justice to be mocked by the substitution of a caste system favoring the servile conformists of any class instead of equality of every citizen before the Law, or social justice by reserving all the national budget for those in power and their partisans. Finally, Christian charity does not admit mere high-sounding gifts or donations by any John Doe, while hatred among the different social classes is constantly incited to increase distrust and fear and to nurture fear as a weapon of the Government.

A Catholic-democratic party in Spain or rather a Popular-Christian party, as I prefer to call it, needs, even before its normal program, similar to that of the other European parties, to formulate adequate solutions to the extremely grave problems left by our last civil war. And our first statement ought to be: "We are going to forget our last civil war, making it exactly that; the last one." For that, it will be necessary above all that nobody profit from it, that nobody take pride or satisfaction in having provoked it, and that with all our respect for whoever acted in legitimate defense, all those who in any way fomented it be punished, particularly those who, taking advantage of the war and dishonoring the party or cause they claimed to defend, committed misdemeanors and crimes, whatever the pretext with which they may wish to justify or excuse themselves. Therefore all delinquents against the people, their rights or property will be delivered to the Courts of Justice, that they be judged according to the Penal Laws in existence before 1936, establishing moreover special prosecution, before judges nominated before that date and not favored by any of the belligerents, so that all illegitimate increases in personal wealth, between 1936 and 1946, of those who have filled public posts in the state administration or governmental parties, and their straw men and favorites, may be investigated and punished.

An authentic popular-Christian party must then be extremely strict in exacting punishment for all crimes, for bribery and embezzlement. At the same time it must stand for an ample amnesty for all those artificial political crimes for which barbarous régimes have always persecuted their opponents: such having said, "Long live the Republic!" before its proclamation in 1931, or "Long live the King" after it; or the fact of having belonged to the Catholic Action Party in the Red zone, or having been a Mason in the Blue[1] one; or having organized a totalitarian party before 1936 or a marxist one after 1939; or to having had to join the C.N.T.[2] or the F.E.T.[3] In this, as in other matters, criminal transgressions committed under a political pretext will not be exempt from punishment. The law would be applied equally to all shades of opinion.

Once this principle is formulated, with the warning that it will be applied strictly, a political formula must be propounded in order to avoid another civil war when we try to come out of the impasse in which we find ourselves. All political parties ought to collaborate in its application, by means of a provisional government in which all sectors of public opinion from monarchism to communism would be represented in regional, provincial, and local governing bodies by the persons who formerly, under a democratic system, exercised such functions. The provisional govern-

[1] The zone occupied by Franco's troops, so called for the blue shirts of the Falangists.

[2] Confederacion Nacional del Trabajo, currently outlawed Spanish labor union.

[3] Falange Espanola Tradicionalista, the full name of Falange.

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ment, within a maximum of one year, would reorganize the public services, resolve by just criteria the most urgent and daily problems and call for a plebiscite with universal suffrage and honest electoral rolls in order to decide the régime the country wanted by a majority vote; the two solutions being: the republican with the Constitution of 1931 and Diego Martinez Barrio as President, or the monarchical with the Constitution of 1876 and Don Juan de Bourbon as King. At the same time, and by proportional representation, local and provincial governing bodies would be elected as well as a Constitutional Assembly in which the form of sovereign power chosen by the electorate would submit whatever modifications were needed in the respective constitutions. In case neither of the two forms proposed obtained an absolute majority, the national assembly would prepare its own Constitution within a maximum period of six months, after which time the provisional government would disappear.

The Christian Popular Party could come to these elections with a noncommittal platform with regard to the plebiscite although accepting sincerely the national decision and stating its preference for a new Constitution and the adoption of a program with the following points:

A. Constitutional Principles:
   a. Declaration of the rights of man following the pattern of the Charter of San Francisco.
   b. Adoption of the democratic principles of freedom of religion, opinion, vocation, domicile, and association.

B. Religious policy: freedom of worship with concordant separation of Church and State; freedom for the Church freely to appoint its dignitaries, without state interference, for consistorial benefice; ecclesiastical patrimony with appropriation for each benefice, submission of associations to public law and the right to fiscal exemptions for cultural and charitable institutions; repression of anti-clericalism and clericalism.

C. Regional decentralization with equality of treatment for all regions and their inhabitants; tax equality, guarantees for local liberties.

D. Administrative autonomy for all local, provincial and regional governing bodies, with technical and public inspection and a régime of trusteeships in case of economic maladministration.

E. Suppression of all totalitarian organizations and establishment of the limits for the economic freedom of the citizen within which the citizen may act without governmental interference. A statute for civil service employees determining salaries, promotion, etc.; establishment of promotion according to ability and not only length of service; suppression of all favoritism towards civil service employees.

F. Reduction of the armed forces and officers to the proportions and level of the last budget before the civil war; some of them might be transferred to other departments where vacancies will occur when all the political appointees are removed.

G. Re-organization of all courts and judicial bodies returning to the norms prevailing before 1936. Appointment by civil examination, promotion by merit and assignment by election within the personnel itself.

H. Compulsory primary education. The public schools supplemented by private schools that can offer educational guarantees. Access to secondary education by means of scholarships, an autonomous régime for the universities and tax exemption for private colleges. University degrees for liberal professions and free access to civil examinations. Humanistic and college education for technical and military professions.

I. Criminal prosecution of usury. Debt limits for public organizations. Reduction of the rate of interest. Nationalization of banking, insurance and monopolies. In the case of nationalization or municipalization, a mixed organization based on private participation and public control.

J. Gradual establishment of income tax. Tax reduction on commonly needed articles of consumption. Excess profits tax. Tax exemptions for the minimum needed by a family.

K. Gradual suppression of individual salary contracts and the substitution of collective contracts, including workers' participation in the profits of the enterprise, the assignment of stock and advisory committees. Freedom of workers' associations, collective contracts and statutes which further the democratic development of economic enterprises, cooperatives and unions.

L. Gradual suppression of the renting of land by furthering access to land ownership by the farmer, the transformation of the lease contract of "aparceria" (a kind of share-cropping), and progressive taxation of absentee landlords. Furthering of agricultural and cattle-raising cooperatives and self-sufficient family units.

M. A policy of reconstruction of the cities by means of governmental credits and the lease of machinery and technical services. Obligation on the part of great accumulations of capital to invest a progressive percentage of their profits in housing projects.

N. Maintenance of a sufficient family food ration at the lowest possible price. Development of family housing projects. Insurance against loss of work, sickness, injury, etc.

I am perfectly aware that as you read some of the preceding proposals you will understand that such a program can only be adopted under a fully democratic régime; in any case the fault does not lie in the program since its doctrinal bases are

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founded on the Gospel and were applied in similar manner according to the circumstances of their times by the early Fathers, the doctors of the Church of the Middle Ages, our theologians and jurists of the Counter-Reformation, and the contemporary encyclicals of our own times; nor is its realization an impossibility since it is being carried out in collaboration with others by the parties that I have mentioned at the beginning of my letter and of whose orthodoxy there cannot be any doubt whatsoever, having been praised by the present Pope. If you tell me that the Spanish Catholics will never join such a party, I will answer that I should be sorry for them, for Spain and for their church, because to try subterfuges now in the style of Canovas del Castillo[1] or solutions by force would only bring about a new civil war. And as I myself fear something similar from a great sector of the Rightist and conservative circles isolated within the Monarchical camp, with all its intransigent feeling, whilst among the Republicans the desire for vengeance is increasing, I consider it very difficult to escape from such a disastrous end, in spite of the constant manifestations by His Holiness in favor of a clear and sincere democratic way of life. His statements are silenced or distorted, without adequate protests, by those who seem determined to entrench themselves behind altars and high positions unaware that they are only arming the true enemies of the Church in all camps, who can therefore propagate the infamous calumny of a Vatican policy of subterfuge.

Faced with all these dangers I believe it is my duty, even though painful, to call attention to the very serious responsibility incurred by all those who, out of fear for their personal positions, make impossible or difficult the only peaceful solution to the terrible political situation in which our country is floundering. I know that the formula which I propose will leave unsatisfied all three of the great sectors into which Spain is today divided: that of the conformists and profiteers of the present régime, who are determined to prolong it at any cost; that of those who wish to substitute for the present régime another which will not be under such constant attack from abroad (even if it means abandoning some of the present most outstanding personalities), the object of this group being only to save and even increase their own present well-being whether it has been acquired by legal or illegal means; and finally those who, thirsty for vengeance and blind with hate, wish to eradicate everything and everybody who has lived with the present régime whether guilty or not.

Some will think that this solution is merely a cowardly capitulation; others, extravagant imprudence; and the rest, a dubious masquerade without counting those partisans who would repeat the very simple liquidating method which I escaped miraculously in July and August, 1936. [The writer was then in nationalist-held Seville.] But I must tell you in all sincerity that I am not afraid of these risks; they are minor ones, when compared with the imminent danger we are all facing. Because if we all do not make a superhuman effort to find a solution of peaceful cooperation, those will be most fortunate who die first. Unhappy he who in order to postpone the loss of his riches or his life will one day be judged before God as guilty by action or omission of the catastrophes which are threatening us.

After finishing this letter I thought of tearing it up since it will be useless. If I send it to you, it is only because of the hope that your recent visit to Rome and the affection that you profess for me will make you consider it an appeal to the peaceful cooperation of all, against the constant demand to persist in a political system which has irremediably failed and which threatens to drag with it many a glorious institution.

With my greatest affection,

MANUEL GIMENEZ FERNANDEZ.

[1] Prime Minister in the Period of the Monarchic Restoration after the Republic of 1873.

Christmas Eve Under Hooker's Statue

Tonight a blackout. Twenty years ago
I hung my stocking on the tree, and hell's
Serpent entwined the apple in the toe
To sting the child with knowledge. Hooker's heels
Kicking at nothing in the shifting snow,
A cannon and a cairn of cannon balls
Rusting before the blackened Statehouse, know
How the long horn of plenty broke like glass
In Hooker's gauntlets. Once I came from Mass;

Now storm-clouds shelter Christmas, once again
Mars meets his fruitless star with open arms
His heavy saber flashes with the rime,
The war-god's bronzed and empty forehead forms
Anonymous machinery from raw men;
The cannon on the Common cannot stun
The blundering butcher as he rides on Time—
The barrel clinks with holly. I am cold:
I ask for bread, my father gives me mould;

His stocking is full of stones. Santa in red
Is crowned with wizened berries. Man of war,
Where is the summer's garden? In its bed
The ancient speckled serpent will appear,
And black-eyed susan with her frizzled head.
When Chancellorsville mowed down the volunteer,
"All wars are boyish," Herman Melville said;
But we are old, our fields are running wild:
Till Christ again turn wanderer and child.

ROBERT LOWELL.

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That Suffer Persecution...

What of sinners who suffer for justice' sake?

Jacques Maritain

"BLESSED are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake: for theirs is the the kingdom of heaven." The eighth beatitude confirms all the others (*est firmitas quaedam omnium beatitudinum,* says Saint Thomas Aquinas) and corresponds to the first; the circle of the Gospel's blessedness, which begins with the poor in spirit, is completed with the persecuted. They are placed under the same banner: theirs is the kingdom of heaven, *ipsorum est,* not precisely a possession to which they have a right, but something much more intimate, inward and personal—for a thing which is *mine* is within me as though belonging to me, more beloved to my heart than is my very self. He, the Poor Man, the persecuted above all who have suffered persecution, is not He, Himself, likewise the Kingdom of heaven? He tells them that He is their treasure.

Those who suffer persecution for justice's sake. We know approximately, or we believe we know, what persecution is. But "for justice's sake"—there we feel the presence of a mystery. What is this justice for the sake of which they are persecuted?

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The saints know what is this justice. They are persecuted for the sake of the justice which makes us adopted sons of God and participants in His life through grace; they are persecuted for the sake of the divine truth to which they bear witness and of that Word which was made flesh and came to dwell in the world and "His own received Him not"; they are persecuted for the sake of Jesus Who is our justice. "Blessed are ye when they shall revile you and persecute you and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake: be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven. For so they persecuted the prophets that were before you."

Blessed are the saints. They know wherefor they suffer. Not only do they suffer for justice's "sake" but "for" justice, which they know and which they love and which they will. Throughout their worst sufferings and their darkest nights they are well satisfied to be persecuted, they know that persecution is good for them, they desire it as they might desire an earthly paradise, they are astonished and worried when persecution is lacking to them. But never do they lack it long. Saint Paul reassures them and tells them that all those who seek to live piously in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution. When they are persecuted they have obtained that which they have wanted, they have that blessedness of the Gospel for which they have asked, they are well served.

And when they die abandoned and persecuted, the Holy Ghost Who is called the Consoler reminds them in the depths of their hearts of all the things which their Savior has told to those who are His, and that same Spirit places before the eyes of their souls the image of Him who has opened the way for them and who has loved them first of all, even unto giving His life for them upon that cross of redemption to the partaking of which He has now invited them.

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The saints are not the only ones to be persecuted. And the inner justice of the soul is not the only justice for the sake of which men suffer persecution. All those who have sought justice within the earthly community and who have suffered for its sake imprisonment or exile or death, and who, moreover, have been looked upon as fools or bad citizens, have not been offered the promise of the eighth beatitude for such things. The immediate object of their thirst, the immediate cause of their sufferings is not to conform themselves to the Savior who makes man just and holy in the eyes of God; it is rather the imperfect and obstructed labor whereby a little more human justice is introduced into the world. They have battled against the oppression or enslavement in which men have been held by men of another race, another nation, another caste or another class; they have battled with human means and for human ideas; they have very often had to have recourse to force against force, to appeal to the wrath of those who have been humiliated and downtrodden. On occasion their passion for earthly justice has been fevered by hatred and violence, or else led astray by great illusions which made them dream of constructing a Jerusalem of peace without God, or else bemused by a despairing revolt against both Creator and creation. At times they have sought to be titans, at times

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"grand inquisitors" like the one in Dostoievsky's tale. Unhappy are those who seek for justice in this world and suffer persecution for its sake. To have done so is not sufficient to assure them of the promise of the kingdom of heaven. And the justice they seek and for the sake of which they suffer, they usually see rejected by men throughout the length of their struggle for it, and betrayed by men at the very moment when justice is able to go freely among men.

Nonetheless they also have obtained that which they wanted. For they have labored in time and under the law of time for a thing of the earth and an idea entrusted to history. Time will bring them their reward when they are no longer, their labor and their trouble will bear their own fruits on earth under forms which they themselves had not foreseen, bemused as they were in the eddies of the vast stream of history. I do not mean to say that every effort on behalf of justice automatically succeeds in producing an effect in the history of mankind; I am not so optimistic. To my mind everything depends upon the depth at which the thirst after justice and the suffering on behalf of justice—however mixed these may be—have been brought into life within the secret substance of a heart and of a spirit. If a man's actions, before having been given outward manifestation, have thus been given birth in the very depths of the spirit, they will equally take their place in the depths of history, and there they will go their shadowy way until one day a few of the seeds they contain come to take root and bear fruit among men.

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Having granted this, it is clear that if we look upon things in themselves, there is neither separateness nor conflict between thirst after the justice of God's kingdom and thirst after justice in this sad world. The one summons the other. The latter threatens to drive a man out of his mind unless it is accompanied by the former; the former requires and awakens and sanctifies the latter. How could men who daily ask that the will of the Father be done on earth as it is in heaven not thirst after justice on earth and within the human community? How could men who believe in the Gospel as far as eternal life is concerned not believe in it for life here below—how could they resign themselves to men's earthly hope therein being disappointed? So long as abysmal poverty and slavery and injustice exist in the lives of men and in their mortal societies, there will be no rest for the Christian. He knows that his God suffers in the persons of all those who are suffering, all those who are spurned, all those who are persecuted throughout the world.

Hence blessed is he who suffers persecution for the sake of the justice of God's kingdom and for the sake of justice on earth. He suffers abuse for Christ's sake when he is abused for the sake of his brethren. Blessed is he if he is doubly persecuted. The more unhappiness he bears in his temporal existence because of his desire for justice in temporal society and because of his undertaking to "ransom the evil of the days," the more utterly and the more surely is he persecuted; and the more may he consequently hope, if he is faithful, to have in life everlasting, which for the just begins even here below, the blessedness of the persecuted; the more can he hope that his is the kingdom of heaven.

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In our own day we have seen monstrous persecutions, persecutions in which hangmen beyond number scientifically organized cruelty and assassination, bending themselves to the task of debasing man in his body and in his soul, not striking down persons condemned by reason of a faith to which at least they gave witness, but masses of men and women guilty only of the fact of their existence and wiped out like rats. And we have been able to verify the truth of the saying that next to the hangman what men despise most is his victim. Confronted by these great herds of victims left to their fate, the Christian questions his heart and even his faith.

He thinks of his Jewish brethren, of the ancient olive tree with some of its branches broken, among which he has been grafted.* Six million Jews have been *liquidated* in Europe. Other masses of human beings have been deliberately exterminated, also in millions, in Poland, in the briefly conquered Russian provinces, in Serbia, and this in the name of "living space" or through political vengeance. These men and women have been put to death because they were hated in their quality as people and because others desired to wipe their race from the face of the earth. This animal hatred possessed supernatural eyes. In truth it was their very election, it was Moses and the prophets who were prosecuted in them, it was the Savior sprung from them against whom the grudge was held. It was the dignity of Israel, within which the Catholic Church prays God to have all nations enter, which was buffeted in these despised wretches treated like the vermin of the earth. It was our God who was slapped and scourged in His fleshly lineage, before being persecuted openly in His Church. How strangely knowing a hatred, more aware than the weak love of our own hearts: even before that day foretold by Saint Paul, when church and synagogue would be reconciled, and which would be for the world like life from the dead, they have

*cf. Chapters IX, X and especially XI of Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans.—THE EDITORS.

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been reunited in this devilish hatred. Just as Christianity was hated because of its Jewish origins, Israel was hated because of its belief in original sin and in the redemption and because of Christian pity, all of which had their source in Israel. As has been pointed out with deep truth by the Jewish writer, Maurice Samuel, it was not because the Jews killed Christ but rather because they gave Christ to the world that Hitlerian anti-Semitism in its rage dragged the Jews along all the roads of Europe, through filth and blood, tore from their mothers children from thenceforth not even possessed of a name, undertook to dedicate an entire race to despair.

Thus it happened that unwitting Israel has been pursued by the same hatred which also and first of all pursued Jesus Christ. Its Messiah shaped Israel to His own likeness in suffering and humiliation before shaping it, one day, to His likeness in glory. Such are the bloody implications of that fulness of Israel of which Christians, if they think in their hearts, can detect the precursory signs in the sequence of abominable events remembrance of which will ever be burning and yet which are already being pushed into the dungeons of indifference in the hearts of those who survive. Like ill-assorted fellow-travelers, Jews and Christians have together journeyed along the road to Calvary. The great mysterious fact is that the sufferings of Israel have more and more distinctly taken on the shape of the cross.

But could they have any knowledge of this, all these innocent people struck down like pariahs? Blessed are they that suffer persecution . . . these words were not for them, were not yet for them, at least on this earth. They knew not that they suffered persecution for the sake of the Just Man sprung from Jesse's tree and from a daughter of Israel full of grace; they knew not of what "receiving," of what reintegration — wherein the kingdom of heaven would be within reach of their people—the persecution they suffered was the hidden tidings.

At least they did know that they were dying because of their people's vocation and because their people's passion for justice on earth is hated by the world. At least those of them who cherished in their hearts the spirit of prayer and the religion of the Scriptures must have known that they were dying for the hope which is Israel's.

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The Christian, however, thinks of other abandoned beings whose lot awakens in the soul an unbearable anguish because of the unrelieved darkness of the night in which death struck them. I do not refer to those who throughout Europe languished in prisons and concentration camps, were shot down as hostages, perished under torture, because they had resolved not to bend their heads to the conqueror: such men and women knew why they were suffering and why they were dying. They chose to fight and to resist, they gave their lives for freedom, for their countries, for human dignity. I am thinking rather of those poor beings who had done nothing except their humble daily tasks, and upon whom in a flash death pounced like some wild beast. Sacrificed by the whims of war and of savagery, persecuted not for the sake of justice about which they were not even thinking, but for the sake of the innocent fact of their mere existence at an unlucky point in time and space. What are their sufferings and their death except the likeness and brief summary wherein we may see the sufferings of millions of poor wretches throughout the course of the centuries, shattered without defense by that great mechanism of pride and greed which is as old as humanity? The conquered who have been reduced to slavery, the untouchables, the classless, the slaves of all ages, the black men sold at auction by merchants of human flesh, women and children laboring in sweatshops, the workers of the industrial age, all those whom abject misery has stripped of their human condition, all the people damned by the worldly community.

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Certain events which took place during the course of the war just ended serve as terrible illustrations of what I am attempting to say. Let us remember the slaughtered people of the village of Lidice, the women and children machine-gunned and burned alive at Oradour on Corpus Christi, those peasants of the Vercors whom the SS, seeking vengeance for the fighting achievements of the underground, suddenly seized in their peaceful homes and hung head downward, encouraging dogs to tear at their faces. Let us remember others who by every artifice were induced to die in despair, for instance by hanging them just a little above the level of the ground so that they would jump continuously until their strength failed them and the hangman's rope strangled mere shreds and tatters of a human being. Let us remember those Jews overwhelmed with weariness, who after weeks of bloody journeying, would upon arrival at Buchenwald of their own accord lay themselves upon the shelves in the crematorium; let us remember the miserable wretches who were starved to death in sealed railway carriages. Where lay the consolation of these persecuted innocents? And how many others died completely abandoned and alone. They did not give their lives, their lives were taken from them, and under the shadow of horror. They suffered without having wanted to suffer. They did not know why they died. Those who know why they die are greatly privileged.

It all seems to take place as though the passion and death of Jesus were something divinely vast,

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that it must be shared by men in its various and contrasting aspects in order that some picture of that passion might be available to its members and in order that men might completely participate in this great treasure of love and of blood. The saints of their own wills enter into Christ's passion, by offering themselves along with Him, by knowing the secrets of the divine life, by living in their souls their union with Him, by putting into action, in the depths of their being, the gifts they have received. In any torture of the body or of the spirit, in the abysses of utter abandonment, they are still privileged people. That beatitude addressed to the persecuted illumines their earthly existence. The more they are abandoned, the more can they say with John of the Cross: "Mine are the heavens and mine is the earth, mine are men, the just are mine and mine are the sinners; the angels are mine and the Mother of God and all things are mine; and God Himself is mine and exists for me. What then, O my soul, dost thou ask and dost thou seek? All this is thine and everything exists for thee. . . ."

But those wholly and completely forsaken, the victims of the night, those who die as though they were the outcasts of earthly existence, those who are hurled into Christ's death agony without knowing it and against their wills—all these are making manifest another aspect of that same agony, and surely all aspects must be made manifest. Jesus gave His life because He willed it. But He likewise "hath made sin for us"; He was "made a curse for us, for it is written: cursed is everyone that hangeth on a tree"; He was abandoned by God on His cross of misery, without protection against suffering, without help against those who persecuted Him. (Sum. Theol., III, 47, 3.) As though a legacy left to His saints, He said *into thy hands I command My spirit.* And as though a legacy left to another flock, He said: *My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?* The great flock of the truly destitute, of those dead without consolation—would He not take care of those who bear this mark of His agony? How could it happen that their very abandonment itself would not serve as the signature of their belonging to the crucified Savior and having a supreme title to His mercy? In the throes of death, in the moment when they pass to the other side of the veil and the soul is on the point of leaving a flesh for which the world had no use, is there not yet time enough to say to them: Thou shalt be with *Me* in paradise? For them there are no signs, for them hope is stripped as bare as they are themselves; for them, to the bitter end, nothing, even from the direction of God, has shone forth in men's eyes. It is in the invisible world, beyond everything earthly, that the kingdom of God is given to these persecuted ones, and that everything becomes theirs.

Communications

THE ADVENTURES OF A MASTERPIECE

Sunnyside, Wash.

TO the Editors: Mr. Chiminelli's Inner Forum (September 6)on the Dresden Madonna has only one mistake: the kings of Protestant Saxony were Catholics. Frederic August I became a Catholic in 1697, when he was elected King of Poland. The royal house remained faithful Catholics up to the tragic Prince George, S.J., who was drowned during the nazi régime. He was the presumptive crown prince, after the last king, Frederic August III, was deposed in 1918. Saxony and Prussia were the first states in Germany where the vicious rule: *cuius regio eius religio* was broken. The kings of Saxony ruled for 200 years as Catholics over staunch Lutherans. The electors of Brandenburg, later Prussian kings, were practically the only Calvinists in this Lutheran realm. The difference between the two was that the Saxon kings tried to protect their Catholic subjects of Lusatia (Lausitz), a minority, while the Prussian kings celebrated Luther's tercentenary in 1817 by forcing a union between Lutherans and Calvinists.

H. A. Reinhold.

PLAYWRIGHT AS THINKER

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: Theodore Bolton's review of Eric Bentley's book "The Playwright as Thinker" is such an enthusiastic endorsement of the views expressed therein and so lightly omits discussion of controversial points, that I feel a *con* position deserves hearing.

Two dominant attitudes are not remarked at all in the review:

1. Bentley does not appreciate the *theater*—that is, the play staged before an audience. He discounts entirely the esthetic value of the visual and reduces drama to a subdivision of literature; he sees "verbalization" as exactly equivalent to dramatization. In discussion of a certain play he laments that the "psychological backgrounds are obscured by the presence of a corporeal actress." Again, he appears to lump all stage effect as Wagnerian claptrap. If this is true, then all dramatists (including Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière) have been foolish and did not know what they were about since they wrote precisely for the public, popular stage. The fact that lavish staging has sometimes overwhelmed other elements of theater bears no more relation to the case than the manifestation of hypocrisy bears to sanctity.

2. Bentley considers the play of ideas the only authentic form of modern drama, an arbitrary decision stemming from his anti-theatrical premise. He contends that the function of drama has changed over the span of centuries, a sweeping presumption which contradicts theatrical history, especially recent theatrical history which has a shoddy and minor record because of the limitations of this concept. This emphasis on the "idea" leads him to enthrone Strindberg, Shaw, Ibsen and Brecht as masters of the drama—a harrowing thought.

Bentley is a vigorous writer, heavy with persuasion, hot with his own prejudices and impressed with his own

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reading (admittedly vast). Much of what he says is stimulating and arousing (someone should follow up his adverse criticism of Meredith's "Essay on Comedy"—someone else); but it is seldom dependable. His snobbery toward the audience is the result of an appalling misapprehension with regard to the *conceptio, ratio* and *executio* of the dramatist; a propagandist hardly works from an artistic image. Bentley confuses goodness and greatness. "Oklahoma!" is certainly *good*—in music, in lyric, in spectacle—if deficient in literary value.

A thorough refutation of Bentley's haphazard theorizing demands an answering book which would include an attack on his philosophical attitudes as well as on his dramatic opinions.

But it seems to me that Mr. Bolton's notice left so much unsaid. I suggest you turn Kappo Phelan loose on it.

LEO BRADY.

The Screen

Fathers and Sons and Daughters

IN SPITE of certain technical shortcomings (talkiness, slowness in getting started and lengthiness) "The Welldigger's Daughter" merits twice as many huzzahs as any of the recent films. Mainly responsible for this French import is Marcel Pagnol ("Topaze," "Harvest," "The Baker's Wife") who wrote, directed and produced this movie which greatly resembles his other robust rural items.

Anyone familiar with Pagnol's films knows that they are full of love for the soil and the people who work and live on it. This new picture has the advantage of being less cynical than the others and more crowded with human kindness and understanding of people. In telling the old story of the pretty country girl (Josette Day) who falls for the rich man's son (George Gray) and bears his child before there is any talk of matrimony, Pagnol runs a wide range from high comedy to deeply touching tragedy; but at no time does he treat the affair as if it were the ancient joke about the farmer's daughter. As a matter of fact, the principal character in this human comedy is the father: a welldigger, a widower who is shocked and disappointed that his lovely daughter, "this princess," the eldest of six girls, could have been as weak as any ordinary woman. Raimu plays this rôle with depth and understanding that put the movie in a class by itself for really great screen characterization. The scene in which he goes to the boy's parents to tell them of the coming child and the following scene in which he turns his daughter out of his house (because of the five younger girls) have a touching quality far above usual cinema fare. And for comedy, the later episode in which he learns that the baby not only has a name and a birth certificate but also was baptized, surges with genuine humor. And so does the subsequent scene in which he goes to bring home his daughter and her son.

But while Raimu's performance is tops, it is not the picture's only bright light. Pagnol has suffused the whole film with a warm feeling for men and women even in their weaknesses. His cast is excellent throughout; high praise must go to Fernandel, the horse-faced comedian who portrays the welldigger's oafish but well-meaning assistant, and to Charpin and Line Noro as the boy's mean-spirited parents. I wish Pagnol had given his film a faster pace, particularly in its first half, but perhaps because of this slow build-up, the film's Gallic flavor comes through so well. There are plenty of sub-titles in English for those who do not understand French. And for anyone who wants to know the French people, here is a splendid opportunity for observing them in action.

Perhaps it is not fair to discuss minor American films in the same review with a French first-rater. However, here are a few notes about three pictures now making the rounds. These paragraphs may help you decide whether you should or shouldn't hunt up these movies.

"Rendezvous with Annie" has a typical Preston Sturgis plot. You may even know its story about the corporal who flew from England during the blitz, spent the night with his wife in New Jersey, and then flew back to his post. Since he was AWOL, practically no one knew of his escapade; so later when he returns from the wars and discovers that his wife has had a baby, no one will believe he is the father. Producer-director Allan Dwan has made an amusing adult movie out of this slight story, with Eddie Albert as the little fellow in the predicament and Faye Marlowe as his pretty wife. I think Sturgis might have kept the picture from dragging as it does at times, but Dwan has told the tale without getting heavy-handed and with a genuine interest in the welfare of his unusual hero.

"Home Sweet Homicide" is more concerned with three youngsters who get involved in a murder than in the mystery. Because these kids are likable and talk and act like kids, the result makes good comedy; and Director Lloyd Bacon wisely lets Peggy Ann Garner, Dean Stockwell and Connie Marshall have the spotlight. Their conversation isn't exactly like most children's, but then their mother (Lynn Bari) is a writer of mystery novels, so they are conditioned by her plots. As funny as most of this is, it hardly comes up to the film's opening in which the sweet strains of "Home Sweet Home" vie with cracking pistol shots!

Perhaps if *"Little Mister Jim"* had kept the title of the novel on which it is based ("Army Brat") we might have known what we were in for. Freckle-faced Jackie "Butch" Jenkins goes through his entire bag of tricks at an Army post in 1938: first as a kid selling reservations for the coming privilege of holding the baby sister his mother has not yet given birth to, then later as the poor little tyke neglected by his captain-father (James Craig) who has been hitting the bottle since his wife's death. A Chinese servant and a pack of meddling officers' wives (who want to save the child from his drunken father as well as the "barbarian" customs of an Oriental) really get the story mixed up in sentimental cliches. Obviously this is not Hollywood at one of its more thoughtful moments.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Books of the Week

The River. Rumer Godden. Little. $2.00.
The Land and the Well. Hilda Werner with Huthi Singh. John Day. $2.75.

RUMER GODDEN recently spent some months, as she has described in her "Thus Far and No Further," "alone" with her own children and a posse of servants up country in Assam. She has redeemed this time quite excellently: "The River" is a flawless account of two children on the brink of girlhood, that must owe at least as much to the author's present power of listening as to her remembrance of her own past.

The difficulty in all writing is to create significance, and this is hardest of all in dealing with childhood. For here everything is so immensely magnified; one is seeing through so tremendously powerful a lense, that the slightest error in tact or taste becomes a huge smear: one must draw only in clear, straight, definite, indelible lines. This Rumer Godden has done, and she has, moreover, the most sensitive ear and nose, as well as eye, of any grown-up of her generation. Not since Anatole France wrote "Le Petit Chose" or Alain-Fournier mirrored all our infant loss in "Le Grand Meaulnes" has anyone shown so truthfully and so mercilessly how hearts are broken when we are two, and go on and on breaking and being broken and patched and broken and patched again, until or we have grown green mould upon them to stay our hurt (and hide the cracks) or, like a housemaid's teacup, we come at last to final pieces in God's hand.

Bea and Harriet and Bogey and Victoria lived by a big river in a jute-pressing works near a little Indian town in the flats of Bengal. They had not been sent home out of the tropics because of the war—which war does not matter; any war. Bea learns of love and war quickly: *amo* and *bellum,* but Harriet dithers, she is always trying to stop things happening, and each time she finds she can't, she is not yet convinced. It is Diwali, the Feast of Lights: if their Latin lesson is not learnt, the children will not be allowed to go down to the river. Will Captain John come? Harriest asks, and Bea yawns and says she supposes so. The children at first resent him: he has been tortured and wounded, one leg has been amputated at the hip, and he is jerky in body and mind. Yet he loves the nursery. And gradually they grow to love him.

The Big House of the Works, where the children lived, had a large flat roof, and an immense garden: the river had above it the blue weight of sky. "If there is any space in me," Harriet said, "it is from that sky." Harriet is lonely and jealous: Bea is growing up, away from her: she wanted life for herself; Bogey cared for things as they were, he never wanted to pretend: he buried his toy soldiers, and played with insects instead. Victoria was a baby. It is Nan, the Anglo-Indian Catholic nurse, who gives the book unity: she knows the children better than they know themselves or each other. It is she who knows that their nursery had something Captain John needed, and that he would go on when he was ready. Harriet finds Bogey dead from the bite of the cobra which he fed with milk and tickled: it was partly her fault, for he had told her of his snake, and she had not warned her father, lest the grown-ups kill his pet. Nan tells her: "You could have thought, and you didn't use your sense. You know you didn't, and for that a cruel lesson has been given. Very cruel, but perfectly just," said Nan, "you can't complain about it." And it is Nan who, when the new baby is born, makes the children see that it won't be another anything, that it will be itself. Captain John's love for Bea, and Harriet's love for him, are almost unbearably moving, as is Bogey's foreknowledge that he would never learn to read, or have to go to an office, but would always do what he wanted, because he always did, and so is Victoria's think house, that is a bare table top: it's a house because you think it is, and what do you do there? think, of course. The children's unconscious cruelty is quietly drawn: Victoria does not want to see her dead brother, because he has gone black already; Harriet learns, in her bitterest grief, that she can write it, and so escape not from, but through it.

It is the writer who must give significance to his subject: not the subject to the writer. That is the real trouble, the whole difficulty about significance: it must be exuded, not absorbed by the writer: the written word is not sacramental, but specific: *ex opere operantis.* Thus Ovid gave significance to a parrot, Homer to Troy, and Burns to a mouse; thus Xavier de Maistre traveled significantly around his room, and Daudet around his mill; thus Bunyan made of some dumpy Bedfordshire hillocks the Delectable Mountains from which Christian and Hopeful saw the Celestial City. Thus Rumer Godden has given her characters enduring significance.

Hilda Wernher has tried to achieve significance in "The Land and the Well" by writing of significant things —of marriage and childbirth and the soil, of hunger and water, of jealousy and love. But, although she has created a wonderful décor, so that one feels the hugeness of the Sitapur family's big room that measures fully sixteen feet by twelve, and is so high—all of eight feet, the young bride Dulari's goodness and her sister-in-law Kunti's wickedness are patterns only, not personal. Miss Wernher has retold well, in an Indian setting, Chaucer's story of Patient Griselda: Dulari beareth all things, believeth all things, in the whole spirit of the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. When her lord, after his elder brother's death, tells her he will take Kunti for his second wife, Dulari, like Griselda, after one agonized outburst, submits even to that.

There is a tremendous feel of peasant India in this book, and of a good earth that is truly Indian, not Chinese; but the various members of the family are all types: the young lovers, the mother, the mother-in-law, the money-lender or the harsh overseer: all are as stereotyped as card-families, yet are also as colorful and as adequate. It is only when seen set beside four-dimensional people like Rumer Godden's children that Hilda Wernher's straight-up-and-down characters become frankly two-dimensional and boring. Yet this is a sympathetic and a thorough book, a good piece of work, worthy, not shoddy. Only, somehow, unlike Harriet's kite, it lacks the power of flight.

Both these novels of India are very feminine books. Yet in neither case is this a disparagement, for both gain from their very femininity more than they lose: though Virgil who wrote of the tears of things was a man, it is women who weep and who wipe them.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

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Hardy the Novelist. Lord David Cecil. Bobbs Merrill. $2.50.

THOMAS HARDY is one of those great writers who, like the poet Housman, attracts and repels at the same time. Essentially romantic, in spite of his early acceptance and consistent devotion to a pessimistic view of life, the author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure" presents an ambiguous face to the world. One side of the face is taut with anguish; the eye is fixed on the figure of man dangling on the gibbet. The other side is serene, alert, the eye noting with a gleam of pleasure the gallantry, gayety and grace of men and women who are valiant despite crass casualty and certain grace.

These contrary aspects of his personal view of life are paralleled by many other contrasts in his central thoughts and in their artistic expression. As Lord Cecil points out, Hardy was intellectually a man of the future, but esthetically a man of the past. He viewed life in the bleak wintry light of naturalism, but he found his literary models in the rich reds and purples of Shakespearean tragedy and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. He populated a scientific wasteland with Gothic figures, and his poetic imagination, at war with his avowed rationalism, delighted in the sublime, the irregular, the mysterious, the extravagant and the quaint. His novels were designed like poetry to elicit powerful emotional effects and like poetry again they are developed in a series of visualizations ranging from the imagery of an individual word to the composition of gigantic mood paintings like "The Return of the Native." Yet these basic poetic conceptions were often stuffed into plot and sub-plots more accommodating to a picaresque romance.

These are a few of the contradictions which are analyzed and discussed by Lord Cecil in a series of well-knit critical essays composed for delivery as the Clark Lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge. Readers acquainted with the author's "Early Victorian Novelists" and "The Stricken Deer," a biography of Cowper, will not be surprised to discover in this study of Hardy measured scholarship, intimate and sympathetic understanding of the artist and a just estimate of his work.

Cecil believes that Hardy was a great creative artist gifted with imaginative vision but lacking in critical sense, in craftsmanship and in an integrated and consistent philosophy of life. Hardy's special merit is traced to the sternness of his integrity and the tenderness of his heart. Cecil feels that, while Hardy had no spiritual values, he wrote in spiritual terms, and, without being a Christian, he maintained the Christian temper of charity, fidelity and compassion.

The special merit of Cecil's own work consists in the intelligence with which he describes the various factors, biographical, literary and philosophical, operating to restrict and even to negative Hardy's art. Cecil maintains that Hardy's creative range, that aspect of a writer's experience which ignites his genius, was decidedly limited by the novelist's upbringing. For Hardy was not, even in the non-academic sense, a scholar. His style never shed its early barbarisms either of grammar or of taste, and, as he grew older, he became more, rather than less, fond of "the naïve pedantries of the self-educated man." His mind settled at a very early age on a stifling tragic conception of life in which baleful chance was the law of nature and man's instinct to love was a beautiful but

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futile challenge to fate. When tempted to write outside the range of his early Wessex experience, he produced in "The Hand of Ethelberta," "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and "A Laodicean' most unconvincing imitations of popular Victorian fiction. The final contributing cause of Hardy's unevenness as a writer was, according to Cecil, the inadequacy of the English novel in the nineteenth century. Lacking adequate models to express his views, Hardy turned to the past. He "was a man born after his time . . . far from being the first of the modern school of novelists, Hardy is the last representative of the tradition and spirit of the Elizabethan drama."

"Hardy the Novelist" is not only an illuminating guide to its subject; by virtue of its urbanity, its discrimination and its sound commingling of all the literary elements, it is also a model of critical exposition.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY.

Mandrake Root. Janet Diebold. Holt. $2.50.

EITHER cooperators do not make good creative writers or vice versa. In any case a good novel about the experience of playing an active part in a community motivated by the Rochdale spirit has yet to put in an appearance. The news that Janet Diebold had written a story having to do with Bishop Grundtvig and the Danish folk schools led to a brief flicker of hope that a competent co-op novel in English had appeared at last. But no. It is not that Miss Diebold isn't a pretty good writer; rather that she manifests little knowledge as to what the schools are up to and cares less. She and her heroine are much more deeply impressed by the loutishness of the students at Havreby and the bleakness of the whole set-up. For what heroine Joanne was really seeking was warm solace of some kind. "Mandrake Root" is in fact most notable for its ability to create a mood or a succession of moods, for conveying a heartstick girl's wordless longings or the horror which her situation at the elderly ambassador's evokes.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

Chloe Marr. A. A. Milne. Dutton. $2.75.

THE PERSUASIONS of "Chloe Marr" give the reader the delicate but firmly independent world of A. A. Milne, and a heroine of that lovely, diaphanous quality almost conventional in English comedies. We know Chloe Marr only through her company of suitors and the rare effect of her presence upon them. We come to know each of them; we come to know less and less of her, until she dies in a plane crash, taking with her the suspicion of some tragic secret. We are never to learn that secret. There are only the guesses of the characters and a few puzzling circumstances; we know at last no more than one friend of hers who sees the dissolving vision of Chloe Marr's life and death in four lines from "The Lady of Shalott." The riddle is intriguing enough, but there is also in this ambivalence a kind of poetry, elusive in its suggestion of elusiveness.

Our credence lapses at some moments, and we have cause to regret some ill-equipped excursions into the question of What Everything Is For; but for the most part, by dint of such writing as makes most current stuff look raw, the world of Chloe Marr is vividly present to us. Here is a small thing, about a woman and a man in earnest conversation: "Kitty took out her compact and began to powder her nose. This always gave her a sense of privacy." There is the entire picture: the abstracted expression, the half-concealed listening, the deliberations; and all of it touched with both satire and a kind of *tendresse.* Or see what the author says of Bibbs Higgs, who wrote bad poetry under the name of Genevieve la Touche and had the habit of using lines like, "I also serve who only sit and wait": "she was not a plagiarist, it was just that poetry was in her blood." Well, there is much more, all of it subjected to Mr. Milne's refining, all of it real, but only in a sense, so that you still have the amusement of knowing you are reading a story.

"Chloe Marr" is not for those who read with more earnestness than pleasure. Its delights exclude the acquisitive. It demands to be believed in and is impossible to believe: a heartening change from the more common novel which you can believe every step of the way but never for a second believe in. To one who is neither tone-deaf nor hyperopic, the slightness of this book will give no offense; and if he is glad not to be left to bread alone, he will not mind that Mr. Milne might be accused of letting us eat cake.

HENRY RAGO.

The Mysteries of Christianity. Matthias Joseph Scheeben. Translated by Cyril Vollert. Herder. $7.50.

FATHER VOLLERT is to be congratulated on his excellent translation, extending to 800 pages, of the great work of the renowned late Dr. M. J. Scheeben, professor of Dogmatic Theology in Cologne. (His death occurred in 1887.) Scheeben's *Die Mysterien des Christentums* was his opus magnum, treating in a most profound way of the chief mysteries of Christianity. It is no child's play to render German theological writing into readable English, and it is certain that Scheeben's careful and necessarily intricate writing offered no exception. We are therefore grateful for this beautiful and readable rendition into English of "the greatest synthesis of theology written in modern times."

The work is divided into ten parts, each treating of a separate Mystery, treating of it in discursive essay style which makes the contents more acceptable to the layman and not less attractive to the clergy. The latter will find in these chapters a high type of spiritual reading; often they will have reason to stop and ponder on the wisdom of God and on the spiritual insight of the writer. The chapters on the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Holy Eucharist are the highlights, but it would be unfair to single out any one essay as greater than another, so organic and interwoven are all the themes of divine revelation. The notes, not over-many, are usually quotations from the Fathers. There is an adequate Index of thirty pages, making it possible to refer at once to the various topics of Catholic theology.

Touching on the motive of the Incarnation Scheeben writes: "Consequently creatures exist for Him and are loved for His sake even more than He exists for them and is loved and willed on their account. Hence God's love for Himself, by which He wills the external manifestation of His Trinitarian glory, and His love for the God-man, to whom He wills to communicate Himself in an infinite way, as He does to no creature, is the motive for the Incarnation even more than is the redemption and elevation of creatures." In fact, one is tempted here to quote many passages of singular beauty and cogent forcefulness; at every page there are similar passages.

Scheeben thus speaks of the mystery of iniquity: "This mystery of iniquity operates in the world like a subter-

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ranean volcano, to the depths of which we cannot descend, but the appalling effects of which enable us to judge the might of the destructive force and fury raging in it. Countless manifestations in the realm of evil surround us by the distinctive character of their malignity. The systematic war against all that is good and holy, the bottomless hatred against the Church and its officials, the service of Moloch and the unnatural vices among the heathen, all these are facts which are scarcely explicable as products of human passions." One has here the undiluted truths of Catholic theology set forth in words that grip and charm and clarify. Without tricks or devices of rhetoric Scheeben convinces the reader, in language of dignity and in terms of impeccable accuracy, that "theology is, like no other science, a *scientia sapida,* a science full of delights." If we had only had this sort of translation at hand in the Seminary!

RICHARD FLOWER.

Pastorale in Blue. Sister Mary Charitas. Scapular Press. $2.75.

WHEN I finished reading this story of Mother Casimir I found I wanted to know more about her. This means the book is lively enough to make for interesting reading but somehow falls short of completion. Mother Casimir, daughter of Irish immigrants (1850-1929), built Marywood College, which is known not only for the excellence of its teaching but also for its eclecticism and its broad and active outlook. To be known to history as the one who built Marywood is a more than distinguished achievement, but it is not by far the only one of Mother Casimir. Both as a Sister and as Superior-General of the Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, she opened countless schools, broadened the curriculum, managed hospitals, orphanages, etc. For sixty-two years, her dynamism, her executive ability and her complete devotion furthered the cause of the finest type of education in America, education meeting with the highest cultural requirements grounded on a firm Christian basis.

This most unusual record is all there in the book, crowded almost like a statistical sheet. Let us hope that some day Sister Charitas will tell us more about the person who was such an outstanding business manager of God's affairs, and whose photograph, alive with intelligence, shows generous and humorous lips, a proud tilt of the head, beautiful large eyes curved like roman arches, a woman of charm and distinction, a Christian burning with zeal, a credit to Ireland in America.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

Treatise on Purgatory and The Dialogue. Saint Catherine of Genoa. Sheed and Ward. $2.00.

FEW VOICES have carried down the centuries as well as that of Catherine Fiesca Adorna, who went to God in 1510. Today in her "Treatise" one still harkens to a soul that holds converse with its Maker. And much the same feeling is got from the "Dialogue" which passed until recently as the spiritual autobiography of the Genovese mystic, though modern scholarship tends to regard it as the word of her goddaughter, Battista Vernazza.

Many have met Saint Catherine before, yet for them as for those who now come to know her, this fresh translation of her classic—happier in its English idiom than the older version of 1859—should provide a fruitful experi-

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The history of Australia is really pretty startling. A hopelessly wretched, wildly misgoverned colony of convicts was transformed into a great nation in little more than a hundred years. And this came about largely, it seems, because a handful of Catholics simply would not put up with things as they were.. Father O'Flynn, who was deported for saying Mass publicly in the very early days, and who made himself felt when he reached England; Father Therry, idol of the convicts and scourge of the officials; Caroline Chisholm, as great an organizer as Florence Nightingale (and even better at getting her own way), who made life possible for the women immigrants; Cardinal Moran, a pioneer in Social Reform—these and a dozen other great figures had more to do with the building of Australia than we realize. Perhaps we are not much to blame; the whole story had not been told till Father James G. Murtagh wrote AUSTRALIA: THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER ($3.00), a book we heartily recommend to anyone who thinks effort by individual Catholics can have little effect on the history of the next hundred years.

While Australia was at its most turbulent, but in a very different atmosphere, Charles Kingsley made the appalling mistake of calling Cardinal Newman a liar. The result was the greatest of all stories of conversion, the APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA ($3.00), which we now reprint with a foreword by Maisie Ward giving the circumstances in which Newman wrote and the reasons why poor Mr. Kingsley, who started the whole thing, has almost disappeared from this, Newman's final edition.

If you would like to realize the difference between the religious atmosphere in Newman's Oxford and modern Harvard, you could not do better than read A TESTIMONIAL TO GRACE ($1.50) by Avery Dulles while the APOLOGIA is fresh in your mind.

Hiroshima, it seems, is still news. We suspect ten Catholics must have read John Hersey's brilliant report on it in the New Yorker and the Herald Tribune for one who has read what Msgr. Knox has to say of its implications for Catholics in GOD AND THE ATOM. It costs more, but it is well worth $2.00 to know just where we stand on a matter so important and so endlessly discussed.

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ence. Difficult to put into words, it can perhaps be likened to what is felt in reading Catherine Emmerich; both give the same stirring sense of contact with a world that is at once outside and yet within our own.

The defects of the present booklet lie rather with the preface rather than with the text. Not a great deal can be said, of course, in eight pages, but with Friedrich von Hügel's "Mystical Element in Religion" at hand, a more satisfying sketch of the saint could have been prepared than that here given. And the reader should have been apprized of the significance seen in her "Treatise" by theologians of more than mediocre merit.

HENRY G. J. BECK.

The Poet in the Theater. Ronald Peacock. Harcourt. $2.50.

MR. PEACOCK, professor of German, I believe, at Leeds University in England, has delivered a serious small book. Dealing with the period since 1870 or so, he examines the work of ten writers, attempting to trace through it "what, in the nature of dramatic poetry, accounts for its scarcity in certain conditions." And it is significant that of the ten authors he has chosen, only five should be actual poets. Of these, his remarks on Eliot, whom he reads as a dramatic poet throughout all of his opera, rather than merely his plays; on Yeats, whom he explores as a most conscious technician and experimentalist; and on von Hofmannsthal, whom he rightly establishes as creating a poetry of *theater* more than a dramatic one, I found indeed valuable and illuminating. For the rest, his inclusion in his list of Henry James as a dramatist is as interesting as it is important. James, whose enormous attraction to the drama could not include the "loathesome theater," is another whom Mr. Peacock feels must be read dramatically; in whose whole work the dramatic element is a dominant one. "From quite early on he had shown a strong tendency to use certain elements of dramatic technique in his novels. After the experiments in play-writing he developed this tendency to its utmost and produced a 'drama' freed from the conditions of the stage. With this he really did find the form that was his." An inquiry into this "new" form and its effects upon the great man's disciples might, one hazards, do much to clarify the present stupid confusion in the publishing industry: where nothing that is not advertised is bought or sold, and only that which is *called* a novel is advertised.

However, what is most interesting of all will be that James, for all his rejection of it, seemed to see the theater also as a form, as well as its play. Mr. Peacock includes a long, fascinating quotation from one of the prefaces adumbrating this, and thereby exactly, although unconsciously I think, uncovers the limitations of his own book. For, while it is entirely understandable that he could find only five practicing poets in a period of almost a hundred years to support his thesis; and while his concluding essay on Tragedy and Comedy firmly inter-relates these two judgments and rightly and thoroughly bases their modern lack in the chaotic moral standards of our time, it is still not possible to say he has justified his title. Although he has examined some poets, he has presented the theater not at all, and his elimination of both Cocteau and Lorca certainly closets his conclusions. There is not space in a brief review to trace the fascinating and successful course (since the late eighteenth century, the great age of spectacle and pantomime in England and France) of theater without any drama at all; or indeed to point out that for fifty years certainly, no produced-then-printed drama has ever done more than shadow its *written* original; or further to demonstrate how the two modern men I have mentioned have assumed within themselves first the primary form (drama) and then the whole of its attendant form (theater) in order to accomplish poetry. These are simply facts constituting the book Mr. Peacock did not choose or was unable to write. Nevertheless, for "The Poet in the Theater," this book remains to be written. Mr. Peacock's must, I think, go down only as the cornerstone for it. But a cornerstone is always the beginning of a building and I congratulate his publishers on their practical generosity.

KAPPO PHELAN.

Janey Jeems. Bernice Kelly Harris. Doubleday. $2.50.

THE AIM of this extended folk story, written in North Carolina dialect, is as clear as it is earnest and, in a restricted sense, edifying. Mrs. Harris wants to show how happy and fruitful were the lives of Jeems West and his child-bride Janey. Their rugged honesty, uncomplaining toil, religious enthusiasm and a mutual devotion at once the expression of their basic beliefs and romantic passion, sustain them throughout a life which class-conscious writers would describe as peonage. "From a boy I kept a bridle and bit on my tongue and on my will. Now I can spit free," says Jeems. And from a girl Janey yearned for a home of her own; children brought up in the fear of God and the complete possession of her husband's love.

By and large Janey and Jeems earned their desires. Jeems had free land to pass to his heirs and Janey had her house, white damask linen, children and grandchildren who brought her more heartease than heartbreak. Between their humble beginning and their humble triumph came the not too idyllic works and days of the Carolina countryside. The alternation of births and deaths is punctuated by revival meetings, the violent affairs of their neighbors and occasional intrusions of the outside world. For the most part attention is focused on Janey and Jeems and their ardent if sometimes inarticulate love for each other.

The antagonist force in the novel is not nature or economic laws, but the strange and beautiful witch Valentine, the Wests' neighbor. Valentine, a personal devil of Janey's, serves as a focus of all the superstitious fears and beliefs of her credulous and ignorant neighbors. At times she is startlingly real, the seductive embodiment of passion. But as the novel progresses one wonders whether she is not being used as a poltergeist to create eerie effects rather than to promote the story itself. There is a good deal of "Tobacco Road" violence and imaginative excess mixed with the Bible talk of "Janey Jeems." Neither of these qualities is perfectly harmonized with the tender lyricism of the basic story.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY.

Captain Boycott. Philip Rooney. Appleton. $2.75.

THIS is a light and pleasant story told by a West of Ireland man with a West of Ireland gift for narrative. And what more can anybody ask? Mr. Rooney is a writer of unusual talent; and his work reveals a nicely developed theory of tonics and recurring harmonies. In short, he is one of those new writers we ought to be grateful for.

His story, light and pleasant, is hardly, though, the story of Captain Charles Boycott. It's much more the

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love story of Hugh Davin, village school-master in Mayo and captain of the local Fenian force. In a measure, too, it's the story of his fiancée, Anne Killian. And it's also the story of the Fenians' breaking up under the impact of a new idea. It's the story of devastation wrought within the Fenian ranks by the voice of Parnell, who taught the Irish peasant a better way of dealing with the land-grabber and the unjust landlord: "by leaving him severely alone, by putting him into a moral Coventry, by isolating him from his kind as if he were a leper of old."

That was a fateful speech at Ennis. As a matter of simple history, it made Parnell overnight the greatest man in Ireland. And it broke the Fenians' grip upon the people. But it also broke down the discipline the Fenians had been able to enforce; and while the bulk of their members went trooping into Mr. Parnell's Land League, others reverted to the old assassination clubs, called ribbon lodges. In the end, of course, the Land League won the day, but meanwhile there was a wild and turbulent hour, one of the bitterest of recent Irish history; and that's the very hour in which the action of this story takes place.

Mr. Rooney reveals a shrewd understanding of the history of this period. Whether consciously or not, he has given us a set of characters who in a tiny village dramatize the history that all Ireland was at that moment passing through; knowing the history beforehand and reading Mr. Rooney's novel, you can only nod and say: "Yes,, that's how it happened; that's how the Fenian movement collapsed, and the ribbonmen broke loose again . . . till the Land League was able in its own turn to enforce order."

But the history was harsh and grim. Mr. Rooney has made it into a light and pleasant story.

DAVID MARSHALL.

The Inner Forum

A Cardinal of Our Times

WHEN Cardinal Saliège traveled to Rome to receive his cardinal's hat from the Pope a reception was given him at the French Embassy to the Holy See in Palazzo Taverna. The Ambassador, Jacques Maritain, thanked the Cardinal for having represented in France in a time of heavy temptation the spirit which defended the dignity of the human person. Speaking to the French colony in Rome assembled in the Embassy, the Cardinal described the situation of Catholicism in present day France. From his speech we take the following passages:

"In France we are at the extreme forefront of Christian thought, and this on every plane; those of the intellect, of social order, of ascetism and of action.

"On the intellectual plane we are attempting to solve in accordance with our faith the problems which arise from the advance of scientific discovery. We feel ourselves bound to the entire universe. Man is not separated from the universe; he is part of the universe and, according to Saint Paul, "the entire universe and not man alone shares in the Redemption, the entire universe and not man alone awaits the revelation of the children of God." Through the process of evolution, drawn and urged by the Creator's love, the universe made possible man's coming. Proceeding from Spirit the universe finds its end in spirit.

All too often theology is accused of remaining apart from daily life, occupied with ancient, antiquarian problems and neglectful of those of the present day. This is not true at all. There are theologians in France who are

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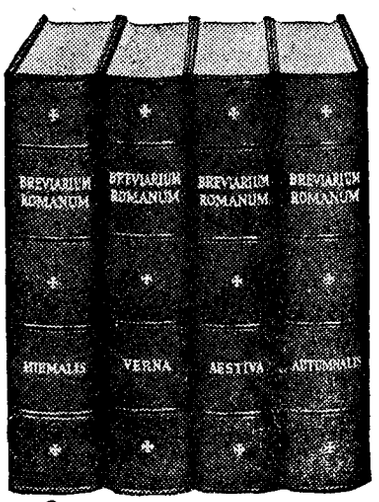

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doing excellent work . . . but the presentation of religious truth makes it unacceptable to many minds. We no longer think in the framework of the Middle Ages, and this framework does not hold in China, in Japan or even in Russia—in general it does not hold where the Latin influence has not reached. Consequently there is an adaptation to make which calls for a deepening of doctrine.

"Economics and humanism bring certain concrete facts which technicians and theologians must reflect upon. The various Catholic Action movements are attempting to bring Christian life to the peasants, workers, and to the middle classes. . . . Through this action the encyclicals are beginning to be better understood. Unfortunately they remain entirely unknown to many Catholics—including priests and religious. . . .

"In France at the present moment there are two forms taken by anti-theism: there is Communism and there is Existentialism. Communism presents itself as a doctrine of justice. It is only too true that the causes which brought communism into existence have not disappeared and, for this condition, Catholics bear heavy responsibility. Many of them close their ears to the teaching of the Papacy and their eyes to the perspectives of the future. They are partly responsible for the dechristianization of the working masses. It is for Catholic Action to bring a Christian spirit into these circles so difficult to penetrate. This task would be greatly facilitated if the teachers in government schools knew more about Christian sociology and if they would allow Catholic Action to work in their midst. . . .

"Opposite communism we now have Existentialism, a doctrine which delights in irony. Instead of studying man from the outside it studies him from within. Existentialism does not believe in progress or in the advent of a kingdom of happiness and it takes considerable joy in demonstrating that all discoveries have served, and still serve, but to make man the more unhappy. In man, existentialism sees freedom, and therefore choice, and therefore renunciation, and therefore anguish. This doctrine is being spread by means of the theater, the novel, and enjoys a certain vogue in Paris. Its analysis is often correct; it remains in contact with reality—and that is not at all a bad thing. Without wishing to do so, existentialism proves that life without God is absurd, that life without God is entirely meaningless. . . .

"We are obliged to recognize that there is at the present time in France a certain distrust for dialectics, a very pronounced taste for the concrete fact and for experience. May I conclude that it will be less through argument than through the way of life, less through dialectics than through saintliness, less through discussion than through Christians bearing witness, that the Church will spread the Gospel of Our Lord."

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